

THE PASSION PERISHED

by Andrew “Change” Huang

along the swelling crimson crescent beach,
a misplaced doll sleeps sweetly on the sand,
where tides are swaying barely within reach—
enough to briefly pinch the doll's wet hands.

the small nicks run across her wooden shell;
they shimmer faintly on her face with ease,
much like the rays of this dim dusking spell
along the swelling crimson crescent beach.

loose marble-eyes stare always at the sky,
as slow-trying waves ebb away again.
but when the night expels the foaming tides,
a misplaced doll sleeps sweetly on the sand.

she waits for guidance from the dipper stars
that hang over her pining dreams high, which
draw her to the shadowy shore afar
where tides are swaying barely within reach.

another night has called her to her dream.
another tide has come to kiss the sand;
all quickly flees the ever-fruitless scene—
enough to briefly pinch the doll's wet hands.